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to the Confederate
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These Remarks are Affectionately Dedicated,

To The Confederate Soldiers,

OF THE

“RANK AND FILE,”

AND TO

HENRY · L · WYATT,

The First Hero who fell in Defence of
the South.

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By one who sympathized in their successes, mourned  
their losses, admired their heroism, and shared their hardships,

“No marble slab or graven stone  
Their gallant deeds to tell,  
No monument to mark the spot  
Where they with glory fell:  
Their names shall yet a herald find,  
In every tongue of fame,  
When valley, stream, and minstrel voice,  
Shall ring with their acclaim.”

JULIAN S. CARR, (Private.)

Company K, 3rd N. C. Cavalry, Baringer's Brigade.

Gen'l W. H. F. Lee's Division, Hampton's Corps,

Army of Northern Virginia, C. S. A.

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Delivered at Wilmington, N. C., May the 10th, 1894.

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VETERANS OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY, MR.
PRESIDENT, LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN:

"In a far fair valley, in the sunshine of splendid skies, all the birds of all the world were sitting together. It was a universal concert—a rivalry between the birds to name the sweetest singer. But one bird in that melodious tumult seemed silent—listening as the leaves listen when the wind sings soft and low; and as the feathered musicians strained their throats in that enchanting chorus they wondered why that lone and listening bird sang not, and as the music lulled, one of the singers said: "Have you no voice to sing? Why do you sit silent, while we are singing?" And yet another said: "It is some poor bird that is grieving for its mate, lost in the tangled wilderness. Let it listen and sing not, lest the sorrow of its wounded heart should sadden our songs." And another, pitying that lonely bird, said: "The poor thing has no heart to sing. Some black bird of night has robbed it of its young, and the winds have rifled its downy nest among the fir trees. Let it not break its heart by singing."

And the silent bird answered: "Do not think of me. I would rather sit and listen to you sing. I have no music of my own, but I love to listen when you sing. Let me sit here in the sunshine until I learn to sing."

Like the bird, I would vastly prefer to sit silent in this presence to-day, and hear some of your own distinguished townsmen, whose brilliant talents exercised at the bar in journalism, and in the pulpit, has given and rightly so, your beautiful city by the sea, all over our dear Southland, much reputation for oratory and fine literary attainments. But to do so, would argue my unfaithfulness to every chivalric sentiment that stirs a heart, that faithfully and devotedly loves the subject upon which I shall speak to you to-day.

A famous poet wrote these lines,

"Above the crash of Troy is Homer's music heard,

And by that immortal flow of song the present hour is stirr'd."

I would regard it as a hopeless task, to attempt to engage your attention, and to touch your hearts on this sacred occasion, were it not that like that of Troy, the story of our dead Republic can never cease to be interesting, and inspiring, to all whose hearts beat with noble impulses.

There lives no brave man or woman who does not love

to roam in imagination o'er the battle plains of earth, where liberty has been fought for, and heroic deeds performed.

'Tis for this we read of Hector and Achilles; of the exploits of the Greeks and Romans; linger over the records of the crusades, and the Lion-hearted Richard; and listen to the battle thunders of Napoleon roaring from the gates of the Russian Capital to the foot of the Pyramids.

But I come to you to-day with a grander, nobler theme
A Tribute to Private Henry L. Wyatt, and his Heroic
Compatriots, the Private Soldiers of the Southern Confederacy.

In commencing my oration I feel the truth of Bossuet's words, as he began his splendid eulogy on the Prince of Conde; said he, "At the moment I open my lips to celebrate the immortal glory of the Prince of Conde, I find myself equally overwhelmed by the greatness of the subject, and the needlessness of the task. What part of the habitable globe has not heard of his victories, and the wonders of his life? Everywhere, they are rehearsed. His own countrymen in extolling them can give no information even to the stranger; and although I may remind you of them, yet everything I could say, would be anticipated by your thoughts, and I should suffer the reproach of falling far below them."

How true is all this to-day? What leaf can be added to the laurel that tells the world of the eternal fame of the Confederate soldier?

A VISION OF THE PAST.

Under the influence of this occasion, we are once more amid the scenes of the four most eventful years of our national history. Once again, we see our land lashed by the waves that presaged Civil War;

"Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out brave hearts.
And there was mounting in hot haste, the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war."

We see fathers putting away the clinging arms of children, and bending above the cradles of dimpled babes. We see noble women, triumphant over fear, speeding husband, fathers, brothers, sons, to gory fields, to battle for the right. We hear the roll of drums, we see marching columns with banners, wrought by the hand of beauty and love. We go with them to the battle plains, across the rivers, over the valleys, up the mountain slopes, and lo! every where;

“The Giant War in awful power stands,
 His blood-red tresses deepening in the sun ;
 With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
 And eye that scorseth all it glares upon.”

We see our armies worn away, until divisions becomes brigades brigades regiments, and regiments companies. We see the awful suffering and sorrow of the stricken South. And now, like some mighty monarch of the forest that has defied the storms of years, forced at last to yield, we see the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia that army—that had “dipped its conquering banners in the crimson tide of eight and twenty battles ”

We see the soldier in gray, who has sacrificed his all, save honor, turn his tired footsteps and weary eyes, forcing back the tears of despair, towards his desolated home, and ragged starving loved ones

My friends it is well for us to honor our heroes. and to commune on each returning tenth of May over the sweet, sad, inspiring memories of the past.

THE HEROISM OF THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.

Lord Beaconsfield said, “It is at the feet of woman we lay the laurels that without her smile would never have been gained. It is her image that strings the lyre of the poet, that animates the voice in the blaze of eloquent faction, guides the statesman in the august toils of stately councils, and inspires the warrior to deeds of splendid daring.”

Lamartine said, “Woman is behind all great things.” These sentiments by illustrious men, never found as perfect realization as in the conduct of the women of the South during the war, and since.

We are thrilled by the splendid heroism of the Greek, Roman, and Carthaginian women, as they sustained the fainting spirits of the defenders of their countries, but history records nothing equal to. the patience under unparalled hardship, courage in the face of peril, and hope in the darkest hours of misfortune, shown by the women of the South since sixty one.

As the belief in the Athenian mind, “that Theseus marched in the van of their armies, reddening the waves of the Ægean Sea” with the blood of their enemies, sustained their banners at Salamis and Platea,” so ever about the armies of the South hovered the inspiring influence of her heroic women.

With such Mothers, Wives, Sisters and loved ones, the soldiers of the South, could not do less in the press of battle, than win the admiration of the world.

It was easier to face Northern bullets, than the scorn of the matchless daughters of the South.

It was the women of the South who after their "Cause" was crushed, met the veterans in gray" on the thresholds of desolated homes, and putting their white arms about them, with bright smiles and encouraging words, inspired them to press onward, and to make the South what she is to-day.

Her influence inspired him in battle. Her hand soothed him in sickness. Her voice encouraged him in poverty. Her efforts rears monuments to perpetuate his memory. And the beautiful memorial custom of strewing Spring's sweetest, rarest treasures upon his grave, is an Institution sanctified by her love. God bless the women of the South.

THE SOUTH.

The South loved the Union. Had she not cause to love it? Had she not done more than any other section of the country to create it? Had she not guided and protected the Republic for nearly a century prior to sixty one?

Up to that time the South had had sixty years of Presidents, the North twenty-four; eighteen Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, the North eleven; fourteen Attorney Generals, the North five; eighty-six Foreign Ministers, the North fifty-four; and the vast majority of the officers of the Army and Navy were Southerners.

Her sons had stood in defence of the Union, upon the historic fields of the Revolution, Saratoga, Trenton, Valley Forge, Bannington, Monmouth and Yorktown.

The immortal southerners Jefferson, Henry, Madison, Marshall and Washington, were the fathers of American liberty, and the architects of her institutions.

Southern measures, southern statesmen and southern arms, led in acquiring the National Territory, and placed on the flag of the Union thirty of the forty-two stars that glittered there.

REBELS AND REBELLION.

I will not discuss the causes of the war beyond a few remarks which I deem proper to this occasion. The Confederate soldier was no rebel. The contest of sixty-one-five was not a rebellion. It was a mighty Revolution. "Rebellion" presumes a defiance of some authorized superior." Great issues arose between the sections. There was no judge. The Constitution was silent.

General McClellan after the battles of the Chickahominy, wrote President Lincoln, "This conflict has assumed the character of War, and as such, should be regarded. And

should be conducted upon the highest principles known to civilization.

And says Remelin, the greatest political writer of the North, "We think the fact that the so-called secessionist, counted by thousands, even as to the more prominent leaders, and by millions including the masses, that were as zealous in the cause, if not more so, and the further fact that counting with them their sympathizers they constitute the majority of the citizens of America, and that the Confederacy covered a territory eight times the size of Great Britain, ought to admonish us that the movement of eighteen hundred and sixty-one, was not treason, nor a rebellion, but War, between different portions of American society, about misunderstood interpretations of the fundamental law."

You will search in vain the Records of the leaders of the Confederacy for a sentiment in favor of a dissolution of the Union, until every effort at conciliation, and every demand for justice, had failed.

NORTH CAROLINA IN THE WAR.

There are some facts about North Carolina that in justice to her sons, ought to be emphasized and reiterated as often as possible. The people of this Commonwealth, are rich in deeds of matchless daring and patriotism. They have been inexcusably negligent in recording and blazoning them forth to the world. North Carolina should follow the example of her sisters, in setting forth her glories with tongue and pen and in ever during bronze.

We owe this to ourselves, to future generations, and to our dead and living heroes, who plucked immortal honors from,

"Looming bastions fringed with fire."

North Carolina at Mecklenburg sounded the first note for Independence heard on this continent. Yorktown was but the necessary result of King's Mountain and Guilford Court House Resistance to British tyranny, in the port of Wilmington, occurred eight years before the splendid deed of Boston Harbor. Her Davie, Blount, Martin, Speight and Williamson, not only helped to lay the great foundations of the Constitution, but cut and shaped its very corner stone, "for at the critical moment, when upon their vote hung the fate of the Constitution, her representatives left the great states on the question of representation, joined the small states, and saved the Constitution by a vote of four to five."

North Carolina loved the Union. The last Southern State to secede, she only took that step, when Mr. Lincoln

demanding that she should draw her sword against her Sisters. *The fifth in white population, she furnished more troops to the Confederacy than any other state of the South.* With a voting population of one hundred and fifteen thousand, she sent to the front of battle, one hundred and twenty-five thousand, of the six hundred thousand soldiers of the South. She lost the first man in battle, to whom we pay tribute to day, and Bentonville was the last great contest of the war. Of the ninety-two regiments in the battles around Richmond, forty-six regiments were of North Carolina, and her killed at Chancellorsville constituted one half the entire Confederate loss. Her troops penetrated further into the Federal lines at Gettysburg, than those of any other State, and she lost more men in that battle, than Virginia, Mississippi, and South Carolina combined. Her seaport at Wilmington, was for many months the support and only hope of the Confederacy, and the veterans composing the Brigade led by our own Gallant Wm. R. Cox, of Grimes's Division of North Carolina troops made the last charge at Appomatax, and the curtain fell upon the bloody drama of war as the sound of the last gun thundered from a North Carolina Battery commanded by a Wilmingtonian Capt. Flanner, and the star of the Southern Confederacy went out in the blackness of darkness and the cause we loved was lost.

Teach it to our Posterity, that North Carolina furnished the most men, laid upon the altars of Southern liberties the first victim, led the last charge, and fired the last gun in defence of Southern homes.

As we stand in the shadows of the greatest sorrow the state has known it will be useful to recall why this was so. It was the effect of the policy of the remarkable man, a typical North Carolinian, whom we have just laid to rest in Asheville

Zebulun B. Vance was a typical North Carolinian. Did it ever occur to you what a singular being, as the word goes a real North Carolinian is? A cheertful hearted man enough, but sober minded; reverent of authority, but vigilant of its encroachments; unlearned in the art of self-seeking, tenacious of the rights he has; a literal sort of person, intending to do his duty and expecting others to do theirs; too tolerant of the feelings of others, or too proud, or both, to exhibit his own pride; so intent in the making of history rather than the writing of it, that it has taken over a century to induce him to boast of his unboastfulness in the supreme assertion that he would rather be than seem to be. That is the typical

North Carolinian, as he has been from Alamance to Appamattox. That was Vance, preeminently. It was not the genius of popularity as so beautifully suggested by his colleague that gave him unprecedented sway over the affections of his people, but sympathy with them rather, in the common possession of this leading trait. One of the Senators who came to North Carolina with his body the other day, viewing the reverent demonstration on the way, exclaimed that no other had lived who possessed the affections of so many of his fellow men.

He was a remarkable man. He was a leader of men and possessed the genius of rule. He was not our greatest lawyer; nor our greatest soldier. But no doubt he could have been either if his comprehensive talents had not required him to be more. Lawyers, soldiers, men of science and all the craftsmen are but tools in the hands of statesmen, and Vance was a statesman. No one less endowed than he could have done for North Carolina what he did in the great war. The enemy is the best judge of the effectiveness of his work, and they singled him out from among all his compeers to suffer the honor of imprisonment with Mr. Davis. Inexorable truth has at last revealed North Carolina's preeminence over all the states in that supreme test of war. Can it be doubted that impartial history will accord to her leader his logical place? His subsequent career showed no diminution of his powers. The mind recoils from contemplation of what the State would have been without his voice in 1876. Of his position in the Senate, a great Senator said the other day that when the lines were drawn on a party question he had no equal on its floor.

It seems to me that this greatest of Carolenians must be likened only to Pericles, the greatest Athenian. Each possessed transcendent abilities, and by an hereditary pre-disposition to espouse the cause of the people secured almost absolute control of them. Yet the boundless influence thus acquired was never debased by either for the promotion of selfish objects.

THE LIGHT BRIGADE AT BALAKLAVA—THE TWENTY-SIX NORTH CAROLINA REGIMENT AT GETTYSBURG—THE FIFTH NORTH CAROLINA REGIMENT AT WILLIAMSBURG.

I see the charge of The Light Brigade at Balaklava, world-renowned. I see six hundred and seven "sabres" in all the pride and splendor of war, close toward the enemy's lines. As the thirty-seven cannon open upon them, whole squadrons seem to sink into the earth. But they pause not, with a wild cheer and a halo of flashing steel above their heads they go

into the fire of the Russian batteries. In that magnificent charge, "The Light Brigade" lost *"one hundred and forty seven men killed, one hundred and ten wounded, and three hundred and thirty-five horses."*

On their return to England, they were *feted* as heroes, banqueted in the public squares of London, honored with medals from the Queen, and the Poet Laureate, found in their action inspiration for the brightest jewel that glitters amongst his poetic gems:

"Flash'd all their sabres bare
Flash'd as they turned in air
Sabring the gunners there;
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered;"

Yet I tell you that the charge of the Twenty-sixth North Carolina Regiment at Gettysburg, led by its intrepid commander, Harry King Burgwyn, surpassed that of the Light Brigade at Balaklava. A tide of living valor, that Regiment eight hundred and twenty strong, went into the fire of the batteries, and came out with eighty men. In that "high carnival of death and honor," the heroic young Colonel, the youngest in either army, was the tenth man to fall with the colors of his Regiment. "Hero after hero grasped that banner, and was shot down, until the *fifteenth* man, Private Daniel Thomas, of Chatham County, sprang forward, and grasping the shattered staff, strode through the iron hail with his faithful Color Sergeant Brooks, of the same county, and planted it on the works of the bloody angle." The charge of the Fifth North Carolina and Twenty-Fourth Virginia Regiments at Williamsburg, was so superb, that the enemy sent up a shout of admiration as they rushed upon his guns, and the New York Herald declared the next day, that "the word 'Immortal' ought to be written in *letters of gold* upon their banners."

The 13th North Carolina, commanded by Col. A. M. Scales afterwards Governor, was the only regiment in the Confederate Army, so far as I have been able to verify, that actually locked bayonets with the enemy. Col. E. B. Withers, who is now an honored citizen and successful lawyer of Danville Va. writes me as follows: In the battle of Williamsburg, May 5th, 1862, the 13th North Carolina Troops, then commanded by Col. A. M. Scales, afterwards Genl. Scales, Thos. Ruffin, Lieut. Col.—I was Capt. of Co. A. (Yanceyville Grays,) late in the evening on the right of the Yorktown road, the regiment, or rather four companies of the regiment was charged by a Pennsylvania regiment (of Buck Tails,) the four com-

panies alone were engaged—the other six were so placed that they could not fire or engage in the battle. Three companies, B. of Mecklenburg; K. of Rockingham and Caswell, and G. of Edgecombe were actually engaged in a hand to hand bayonet charge with the Pennsylvania regiment. I witnessed our men receiving a charge with bayonets, and saw contest after contest, where the death of one of the parties only ended the contest, the dead of both armies lay side by side, killed in both cases by bayonets. Dr. Giles P. Bailey of Rockingham County, Capt. of Co. K. was shot while in the act of cleaving the skull of a Federal soldier who was attempting to kill him with a bayonet. I saw att Ward of Rockingham County, who was loading his musket when charged by a federal, drop the rammer and locked bayonets with his enemy and carried him to the ground with his bayonet through him. Capt. Hugh Guerrant who was in the very midst of the hand to hand fight and had several men in his regiment killed with bayonets, says that he could see and hear the bayonets clash along the line as they locked shoulder to shoulder. We were firing at close range before locking bayonets, so close that J. L. Ward of my company not having time to draw his rammer shot it through the body of his man then clubbing his musket Ward brained three of the enemy with the butt of his gun. In this hand to hand fight, Ward the hero of the day, received seven bayonet wounds, two gun shots and one sabre cut, the ground was covered with the Federal dead, many of them bayoneted in every conceivable manner; the gallant thirteenth held the field.

Col. Fox a Federal Officer who is engaged by the War department in aiding to prepare an account of the late contest, as shown by the Confederate records, has prepared a list of the 27 Regiments that had most men killed and wounded in any one battle of the war, North Carolina stands at the head of the list, with 6 regiments, and gallant Mississippi next with 5.

Such was the heroism of the North Carolina troops from Bethel to Bentonville, and as Napoleon slept amid the squares of the Old Guard, and rested his throne upon their bayonets in a hundred battles, so did the peerless Lee, rely upon North Carolina's veterans.

And as they were brave, so have they ever shown themselves generous and noble. Not one word would they utter in derogation of the magnificent heroism and self-sacrificing spirit of their brethren in arms, from other states. Nor would they detract one iota from the soldierly qualities of,

THE UNION VETERAN.

The army of Northern Virginia did not win eternal glory without the hardest work, and the most desperate fighting, that the world has ever seen. Barring mercenaries, and a low element from the northern cities, the Federal Soldier, was disciplined, determined, and often heroic. It is to our honor that this should be known. The splendor of the Carthaginian arms was written upon the shields of the Roman Legions. The glory of the Confederate soldier, is *best seen* in the unsuccessful but heroic charges of the Union troops.

At second Manassas the first assault of the Federals was succeeded by another and another, ever increasing in fury, until they had made six great but unsuccessful assaults. The deeds of the Federals at Fredericksburg, chiefly Meagher's Irish Brigade surpassed the best work of the English at Inkerman. The first charge of four thousand was repulsed in a few minutes with a loss of sixteen hundred men. The second charging column of twenty-five hundred, which followed immediately over the ground of the first charge, resulted in *twenty minutes* in a loss of *two thousand*, and in the third charge of four thousand veterans, which followed at once, they lost seventeen hundred and sixty.

What a spectacle was that at Cold Harbor in sixty-four! Grant hurled his whole army, one hundred and fifty thousand strong, straight at the front of Lee; and in less than *thirty minutes*, *thirteen thousand* of his best troops, were lying in heaps upon the bloody ground. When a second charge was ordered, says Mr. Swinton, "the Army of the Potomac refused to move;" a silent protest against their Commander, and a splendid tribute to the Army of Northern Virginia. For the most part, such was the *metal* with which our heroes had to contend for *four years*.

THE COMMANDER—THE PRIVATE.

Says John Esten Cooke, "narratives of battles are chiefly, studied and admired for the plans and combinations of mighty intellects." Up to the time of the order to "fire" or, "charge bayonets," it is a matter of science logistics, tactics strategy; after that order, it is for the Private and subordinate officers to execute it, amid smoke and fire, the hail of bullets and the blaze of batteries, the flash of sabres and the glitter of bayonets, the smell of blood, and the groans of the dying. The Historian not possessing the colors of the painter cannot present the picture in detail. It took Messonier fifteen years to paint his masterpiece, "Napoleon Reviewing his Troops after the Battle of Friedland."

It would require the united effort of Raphael and Angelo and Da Vinci, and Kaulbach, a century, to portray the heroic deeds of the soldiers of the Southern Confederacy.

A French mathematician has said, "if instead of water the current of the river Seine were the blood of the slain in battle since the Trojan War, it would require fifty-four hours for it to flow by a given point on the river bank."

And yet we can number on our two hands, the military heroes whose names live in history.

We read of Cæsar in Gaul and Germany and on the banks of the Adriatic, "trailing his legions as a torch trails smoke," conquering Provinces and slaughtering two million people, but we know nothing of the individuals who composed his legions; their deeds went to make the name of—Cæsar. Hannibal is known to the world, but the Carthagenian phalanxes slain at Cannæ and under the walls of Rome, are—shadows. Fame carved but two names at Thermopylæ—Leonidas and Xerxes. Napoleon was the genius of battle. Europe was his chess board. Nations his pieces. But what of the private soldiers of his grand armies? In the overpowering brightness of his name, they are forgotten. Massena is famous because he commanded at the passage of the Traun. Who thinks of the twelve thousand French veterans slaughtered upon the bridge? Victor is renowned because of the manner in which he covered the retreat of the Grand Army from Russia. Who thinks of his sixteen thousand veterans, whose dead bodies were revealed by the melting snow hills, and the thawing Beresina?

With the utmost respect and admiration I bow to the Confederate Officer but I desire to emphasize the fact, that my purpose in these remarks is to pay tribute to the Confederate Private, and special tribute to private Henry L. Wyatt.

During our late conflict, too often was the sentiment of the famous war time poem realized:

"All quiet along the Potomac tonight
Except now and then, a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
Tis nothing—a private or two now and then
Will not count in the news of the battle.
Not an officer lost—only one of the men
Moaning out all alone the death rattle."

A glorious brotherhood that chivalric band, who for home and honor stood a wall of fire and steel for four years against the onrushing millions of the North.

“Wide sundered now, by mountain and by stream
 Once brothers—still a brotherhood they seem.”

And to the heroes who survive, to whom the deadly bullet and flashing sabre did not come to take away their priceless lives, though they bared their brave hearts as a bulwark, I bow to-day with eternal love and admiration.

The majority of the rank and file with no slave property to protect with none of the insignia and glories of war beckoning them on, enduring all things and fearing nothing; left all they loved, and risked all they had, “When the loud cry of their threatened Southland,” fell on their ears. God has not made a greater, nobler, pure hero than, the private soldier of the Confederate Armies

“Only a private to march and to fight
 To suffer and starve and be strong.

Only a private, no ribbon or star
 Shall gild with false glory his name.
 No honor for him in braid or in bar
 His Legion of Honor is only a scar,
 And his wounds are his roll of fame.

Only a private! one more here slain
 On the field lies silent and chill
 And in the far South, a wife prays in vain
 One clasp of the hand she may ne'er clasp again
 One kiss from the lips that are still.

Only a martyr! who fought and who fell
 Unknown and unmarked in the strife,
 But still as he lies in lonely cell?
 Angel and seraph the legend shall tell,
 Such a death is eternal life.”

A great military critic declares that the “Infantry service of the Confederate army was the finest body of light foot the world ever saw. They possessed all the tenacity in line of the Austrian all the confidence in attack and self possession in defeat of the British, and all the daring intrepidity of the French.”

The Confederate skirmishers were the terror of the Federal Army but the pride and glory of the Southern Army was its matchless artillery arm. The world has never produced such a body as the renowned Artillery corps that was wielded by that eminent chieftain Major General Wm. H. Pendleton

THE PANTHEON OF THE SOUTH.

And so, with *uncovered head*, and with profound *admiration* and *love*, I pass by to-day the Pantheon wherein a grateful people treasures the memory of the great leaders of the Confederacy.

Jefferson Davis; Patriot, Statesman, Soldier, who upheld the fortunes of the Confederacy, with his matchless genius as Hector upheld those of Troy. Of whom General Grant said after the war, "he did as much for the South as any one man could have done, and how much he did do, we of the North know better even than the South."

Robert Edward Lee; the peerless soldier, whom Jackson said he "would be willing to follow blindfold," and whom the Military critics of Europe pronounced greater than Alexander, Cæsar or Napoleon," and whose name is enshrined in the hearts of the Southern people.

"Forth from its scabbard, pure and bright
Flashed the sword of Lee;
Far in the front of the deadly fight,
High o'er the brave in the cause of right
Its stainless sheen like a beacon light
Led us to victory.

* Out of its scabbard. Never hand
Waved sword from stain as free;
NOR PURER SWORD, led BRAVER BAND,
NOR BRAVER bled for brighter land,
Nor brighter land had a CAUSE as grand,
Nor cause a CHIEF like Lee."

Albert Sidney Johnson; of whom General Taylor says, "he brought to our armies a civil and military experience surpassing that of any other leader. One short hour of life more to him, would have given us Shiloh, and there would have been no loss of Vicksburg and Donelson." He bled to death in front of battle, fearing that his fall might demoralize his troops. Grand hero and martyr. If it were ever possible for one man to save the Confederacy, she lost him when Sidney Johnson fell on the field of Shiloh, Swinton says, "he was the brightest star in the firmament of the Southern Confederacy."

Stonewall Jackson; whose fall shrouded the South in sorrow, whose presence at Gettysburg General Lee said, "would have given us a great victory," and whose bronze statue in Richmond presented by English gentlemen speaks the admiration of the world, for his sublime military and moral character.

"His form has passed away
His voice is silent and still;
No more at the head of the "Old Brigade,"
The DARING MEN who were NEVER DISMAYED,
Will he lead them, to glory that can never fade—
"Stonewall" of the iron will"

Joseph E. Johnson; the beau ideal of a soldier, of whom General Grant said after the war, "I feared Joe Johnson more than any other Confederate commander I ever had in my front."

Beauregard, the greatest military engineer since Todleben, the hero of Manassas, the trusted and beloved soldier of the South.

Jubal A. Early; the intrepid Lieutenant of Lee, who hung like a mighty war cloud above the Federal Capitol, and carried consternation into the hearts of the North.

A. P. Hill; the chivalric commander of the Light Division.

Ewell, the blunt and determined soldier, trained and trusted by Jackson." D. H. Hill, the brilliant commander. Hood, the dashing and indomitable Texan.

The magnificent and beloved Pettigrew, whose skill and daring made him a name as immortal as the stars. The noble Ashby, the gallant Pelham, the brave Pender and Daniels and Branch, the superb Ramsear, and J. E. B. Stuart the greatest cavalryman," as General Hooker said, "yet born on this continent." Yes, I pass this glorious galaxy of patriots and Officers to-day and place my tribute upon the humble grave of the men, whose patriotism, patience, endurance and heroism, find their best expression in the fame of the great leaders whose glory rested upon their bayonets.

Looking down the centuries, I see no figure comparable with the soldier of the South, clad in the simple uniform of the Confederate Private, with the old slouch hat and glistening bayonet.

HENRY L. WYATT.

"Their praise is hymned by loftier harps than mine.
 Yet One I would select from that proud throng,
 Because his blood was first poured out gainst Northern wrong,
 "And because he was of the bravest, and when shower'd
 The death bolts deadliest, the thin ranks along,
 Even amid the thickest of wars awful riot,
 They reached no nobler breast than thine, young gallant Wyatt."

The Edgecombe Guards had the distinction of furnishing the first soldier killed in our civil War.

On the 10th of June, 1861, at Big Bethel, Virginia, a regiment (the First North Carolina Volunteers) of Confederate troops, commanded by Colonel D. H. Hill, while expecting an engagement, was halted within a few hundred yards of an old church situated between the two lines. In the church, a detachment of Northern soldiers had concealed themselves to fortify and maintain their position.

Volunteers were called for to ignite the church in order to drive the enemy from the stronghold. Those who volunteered to perform the perilous task were Henry L. Wyatt, John H. Thorpe, Thomas Fallan and George T. Williams, all members of the Edgecombe Guards.

When within a short distance of the church, the enemy began firing upon them, and brave Wyatt, the first martyr, was stricken down, being mortally wounded. Such bravery as characterized the action of these men on that occasion is seldom exhibited.

The General Assembly of North Carolina, at its session in 1891, as a token of appreciation of the valorous deed of Wyatt, had his photograph enlarged and placed in the State Library.

Of Henry Lunsford Wyatt, the first hero who fell in defence of Southern homes and Constitutional liberty, animated by unselfish patriotism and splendid courage, but few facts can be recorded. He was so young, and so soon offered as a sacrifice on the altar of Southern freedom. But while his life is uneventful prior to the first battle of the war, his name and memory will live in the hearts of his countrymen as long as those of the great Commanders whose deeds illuminate the pages of history.

It has often happened that one deed has made a man immortal.

Publius Horatius holding the bridge against the whole army of Porsena won fame that will live when the Coliseum and the proudest monuments of Rome shall have crumbled into dust.

Winkelreid, when he broke the front of the enemy by throwing his body upon their spears, thus insuring Swiss independence, won fame as eternal as his own Alpine peaks.

And when William Lunsford Wyatt gave his young life for us at Big Bethel, his name was surrounded by a halo of glory, as lasting as the granite foundations of Virginia's mountains, and the flow of her crystal rivers.

In the first years of this century the example of a private soldier won a great victory for France on the plains of the Danube. Ever afterward at the parade of his battalion the name of Latour d'Auvergne was first called, when the oldest Sergeant stepped to the front and answered—"Died on the field of honor."

The example of William Lunsford Wyatt, thrilled and inspired every son of the South, and though his young body lay dead, his brave spirit yet lived in their hearts as an inspiration,

as they struggled on bloody fields, and charged the frowning ramparts of the enemy.

Let his name forever live. Let us teach it to our children and wreath it with that sublime sentiment, "Died on the field of honor and of duty."

The Peri stood at the gate of Heaven disconsolate, listening to sweet music within. The glorious angel who was keeping the gate, beholding her weeping said:

"The Peri yet may be forgiven,
Who brings to this eternal gate
The Gift that is most dear to Heaven
Go seek it and redeem thy sin—
'Tis sweet to let the pardoned in."

Through the Universe the Peri seeks until now, hovering o'er a battle plain, where Freedom and Tyranny contend, she sees the tyrant conquer, the hero fall.

"Swiftly descending on a ray
Of morning light, she caught the last—
Last glorious drop his heart had shed,
Before his free—born spirit fled.

Be this, she cried, as she wing'd her flight
My welcome gift at the gates of light
For if there be on this earthly sphere
A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause."

SUCCESS IS NOT THE TEST OF MERIT.

Their cause was lost. But the example of their devotion to principle is a priceless legacy to civilization. History teaches on many pages that success is not the test of honor and merit. Wallace failed, but time has not calumniated his name. Warren fell fighting the flag of Britain at Bunker Hill, but the world thinks none the less of him. Cromwell's is one of the brightest names in English History, though he founded a Republic which soon sunk beneath the re-established throne of the Stuarts. The name of Washington is still uneclipsed save by that of Robert E. Lee. In no way can we honor our heroes better, than by presenting

SOME GLIMPSES OF THE CONFEDERATES IN BATTLE.

A member of a New York Battery at "Seven Pines" afterwards said: "Our shot tore their ranks wide open, and scattered them asunder in a manner frightful to see. But they closed up at once and came on steady as English veterans. When they got within four hundred yards, we closed our case shot, and opened on them with canister, and such

destruction I never witnessed before. Whole Companies melted away like frost before that awful fire, but they closed up with an order and discipline that was marvelous to behold."

A Northern writer describing the Southern veterans at Chancellorsville said, "The enemy could be seen sweeping slowly, but confidently forward, and nothing could excite more admiration than the manner in which they advanced upon the Federal lines. We say it reluctantly, and for the first time, that the Southerners have shown the finest qualities, and we acknowledge their superiority in the open field to our men. They delivered their fire with precision, and were inflexible, and immovable, under the storm of shell and shot that played upon them."

A Federal veteran after the battle of Sharpsburg wrote to a Northern journal, "It is beyond all wonder, how the Confederate troops can fight as they do. That these ragged, halfstarved, sick and miserable men, should prove such heroes, is beyond all explanation. Soldiers never fought better."

After the battle of Chickamauga the London Times said, "The people of the Confederate States have made themselves famous. If the renown of brilliant courage, stern devotion to a cause, and military achievements almost without parallel, can compensate men for such toil and hardship as they have endured, then the countrymen of Lee and Jackson, may be consoled amid their suffering. From all parts of Europe, from their enemies as well as friends, comes the tribute of admiration."

At Cold Harbor, General Lee pausing a moment, and listening to the long streaming roar in the woods, said to Jackson, "That firing is very heavy, do you think your men can stand it?" Jackson turning his head to one side, as was his custom, listened, and then said in his brief way, "They can stand almost any thing, they can stand that."

General McClellan declared that he had "prepared to clothe Malvern Hill in sheets of flame" Every ravine swarmed with his Infantry, and along every hill frowned his powerful artillery, with a clear play of twelve hundred yards, supported by still heavier batteries and gunboats. Yet over this plain scourged by grape and canister, the veterans of Huger and Magruder advanced as if to a banquet.

There was no heroism displayed by the English in storming the Great Redan, nor by the French in their assault upon the Malakoff, that surpassed the deeds of the "Boys in Grey,"

God bless them, as they rushed up the blood slippery slopes of Malvern Hill.

After the battle of the Wilderness, General Lee in his address to his army said, "With heart felt gratification, the General commanding, expresses to the army his sense of the heroic conduct displayed by officers and men during the arduous operations in which they have just been engaged.

Under trying vicissitudes of heat and storm, you attacked the enemy strongly entrenched, in the depths of a tangled wilderness, and again on the hills of Fredericksburg, and by the valor that has *triumphed on so many fields*, forced him once more to seek safety beyond the Rappahanock. While this glorious victory entitles you to the gratitude and praise of the nation, we are specially called upon to return our grateful thanks to the only giver of victory.

Let us not forget in our rejoicing, the brave soldiers who have fallen in defense of their country, and while we mourn their loss, let us try to emulate their example.

After the Battle of Malvern Hill, a Confederate soldier was found dead fifty yards in advance of any officer or man, his musket firmly grasped in the rigid fingers, name unknown, simply "2nd Lt." on his cap.

Private Barnes of Wilson County, at the bloody angle at Gettysburg, advanced until all his color guard were shot down around him, and then rushing forward fell mortally wounded and now fearing that the beloved colors might fall into the hands of the enemy he tore them from the staff and thrust them into his bosom's aine with thee imson life tide which gushed from his heroic heart.

And the Confederate soldier who fell nearest the Federal Capitol during the war was a private from the County of Anson North Carolina.

What spirit animated these heroes and Henry L. Wyatt and their brethren in arms?

A splendid manhood reared in a land of chivalry and beauty, inspired by loftiest principles, and a sublime patriotism.

Nowhere was the heroism of the Southern soldier so resplendent and sublime, as in the trenches around Petersburg during the death throes of the Confederacy; decimated to a mere skeleton of the Grand Army once the pride and hope of the South, the terror and despair of the North, and the admiration of the World—ragged, shoeless, starving, surrounded by the massive concentric lines of the enemy perfectly equipped with the world to draw on—their homes and loved ones at

the mercy of the foe, conscious that mines were being slowly opened at their very feet, to hurl them into eternity, unable to see a single star of hope though the cloud of despair that hung like a pall about them—still they clung to the Stars and Bars, shivered, and starved and sickened in those trenches, and walked those parapets with the same magnificent heroism and unconquerable spirit that had snatched victory from a hundred fire fringed battlements, and crimson fields of carnage.

No braver soldier drew sword in that titanic contest than Major General R. F. Hoke. I cannot refrain from incorporating in these remarks his last words to his splendid command, for they constitute a glorious tribute to the heroism of the private soldier.

FAREWELL ADDRESS OF GENERAL HOKE.

Headquarters of Hoke's Division, near Greensboro, N. C., May 1st, 1865.

SOLDIERS OF MY DIVISION;

On the eve of a long, perhaps a final separation, I address to you the last sad words of parting.

The fortunes of war have turned the scale against us. The proud banners which you have waved so gloriously over many a field are to be furled at last. But they are not disgraced, my comrades. Your indomitable courage, your heroic fortitude, your patience under sufferings, have surrounded them with a halo which future years can never dim. History will bear witness to your valor, and succeeding generations will point with admiration to your grand struggle for constitutional freedom.

Soldiers, your past is full of glory. Treasure it in your hearts. Remember each gory battle-field, each day of victory, each bleeding comrad!

Think, then, of your home.

“Freedom's battle, once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.”

You have yielded to overwhelming forces, not to superior valor. You are paroled prisoners, not slaves. The love of liberty which led you into the contest burns as brightly in your hearts as ever. Cherish it. Associate it with the history of the past. Transmit it to your children. Teach them the rights of freedom and teach them to maintain them. Teach them the proudest day in all your career was that on which you enlisted as Southern soldiers entering that holy brotherhood whose ties are now sealed by the blood of your compatriots who have fallen

and whose history is coeval with the brilliant record of the past four years.

Soldiers, amid the imperishable laurels that surround your brows, no brighter leaf adorns them than your connection with the late Army of Northern Virginia!

The star that shone with splendor over oft repeated fields of victory, over the two deadly struggles of Manassas Plains, over Richmond, Chancellorsville and Fredericksburg, has sent its ray and been reflected where true courage is admired, or wherever freedom has a friend. That star has set in blood, but yet in glory. That army is now of the past. The banners trail, but not with ignominy. No stain blots their escutcheons. No blush can tinge your cheeks as you proudly announce that you have a part in the history of the Army of Northern Virginia.

My comrades, we have borne together the same hardships; we have shared together the same dangers; we have rejoiced over the same victories. Your trials, your patience have excited sympathy and admiration, and I have borne willing witness to your bravery and it is with a heart full of grateful emotions for your services and ready obedience that I take leave of you. May the future of each one be as happy as your past career has been brilliant, and may no cloud ever dim the brightness of your fame. The past rises before me in its illimitable grandeur. Its memories are part of the life of each one of us. But it is all over now. Yet, though the sad dark veil of defeat is over us, fear not the future, but meet it with manly hearts. You carry to your homes the heartfelt wishes of your General for your prosperity.

My comrades, farewell!

R. F. HOKE, Major General.

WATERLOO—GETTYSBURG.

Hugo says of the charge of The Old Guard at Waterloo, "When the tall bear skins of the Grenadiers of the Guard, with the large eagle device, appeared, symmetrical in line, and calm in the twilight of this fight, which was to annihilate and immortalize them, the enemy felt a respect for France—they fancied they saw twenty victories entering the battle with outstretched wings."

And when the charging column of Longstreet at Gettysburg, advanced slowly across that valley, in perfect order, with their red battle flags flying, and a forest of glittering steel above their heads, closing up as the shells tore great gaps in their ranks, and then rushing like a whirlwind of flame upon

the Federal guns, the enemy felt a respect for the South and the Confederate soldier

“At the brief command of Lee
 Moved out that matchless infantry,
 With Pickett leading grandly down,
 To rush against the roaring crown
 Of those dread heights of destiny.

“Ah! how the withering tempest blew,
 Against the front of Pettigrew,
 A Kamsin wind that scorched and singed,
 Like that terrific flame that fringed
 The British Squarés at Waterloo.

“Above the bayonets mixed and crossed,
 Men saw a Gray Gigantic Ghost
 Receding through the battle smoke,
 And heard across the tempest loud,
 The death cry of a nation lost.”

MEMORIES OF THE PAST.

Some one has said that “cherished memories of the past, constitute the moral force of nations.”

When the Red Regiment of English Guards recoiled before The Old Guard at Waterloo, Wellington cried “Soldiers of Victoria, Talavera and Salamanca, Remember Old England.”

The South is rich in memories. Let us teach them to our children. And teach them, that Manassas was as great as Marengo; Fredericksburg as great as Friedland; Shiloh as great as Saragossa; the Wilderness as great as Wagram; Sharpsburg as great as Solferino, Gettysburg as great as Gravelotte; and the bombardment and defense of Fort Fisher as great as that of Sebastopol; and when they ask of Eylau and Eckmuhl and the glorious deeds of M'rat, and his silver-brasted cuirassiers, tell them of Longstreet, and of Stuart, of Hampton and Forest, of Fitz Lee, and Wheeler, of Ashby and Ransom, of Barringer and Roberts, and of your own gallant Roger Moore, whose courage I have seen tested mid the leaden hail of death, and their veterans; and when they ask of Nelson and Lawrence, tell them of the noble exploits of that superb sea-king, Semmes and the Alabama.

THE PROGRESSIVE SOUTH—NATIONAL UNITY.

Would you know whence came the power of Rome? When the terror-stricken inhabitants sought escape from doomed Pompeii—at the city gate, they found the Roman sentinel—“there he stood, erect and motionless. The lightning flashed over his livid face and polished helmet, but his

stern features were composed even in their awe. That terrible hour itself could not drive that instrument of imperial Rome, the symbol of her power, from his post of duty."

And when we of the South recall her condition after the War, and find that Phoenix like, she has arisen from the ashes of desolation, and stands to-day panoplied in the pride and power of progress sweeping onward to even greater prosperity with such majestic splendor that she has been called the "New South" we know it is because her sons and daughters have shown themselves as heroic in peace and prosperity, as they were when lowered the war cloud darkest.

But there is no New South, save in the sense that she is stepping more swiftly along the pathway of civilization. She is simply the Progressive South, for barring the issues settled by the sword, she cherishes every memory and principle of her splendid past.

The men of the South have no regrets to express for that past, but holding to it as a sacred treasure, they dedicate themselves henceforth, to the perpetuation and glory of this Union. When they surrendered at Appomatox, they meant that they would defend the Union, as they had defended the Southern Confederacy.

The men of the South are glad to believe that there are but few *rabid creatures* in the North from whose mouths flows the froth of sectional madness.

In the presence of our sacred dead, and in the name of Liberty and Union, we declare that the South is to-day, animated by the same spirit that moved Mr. Webster to write these grand words:

"Let our patriotism be as broad as the land in which we live, and our aspirations as high as its certain destiny. And let us make our generation one of the brightest links in that golden chain which is destined to grapple the people of all the States, to the Constitution and the Union forever."

CONCLUSION.

And now—Beauty, and Love, and Chivalry, will strew sweet flowers:—

"On the graves of the heroes who died for us,
 Who living were true and tried for us,
 And in death sleep side by side for us,
 That martyr band
 That hallowed our land
 With blood they poured in a tide for us."

“Ah! fearless on many a day for us,
They stood in the front of the fray for us,
And held the foemen at bay for us;
Fresh tears should fall
Forever—o’er all
Who fell while wearing the gray for us.”

“And their deeds—proud deeds shall remain for us,
And their names—dear names without stain for us,
And the glories they won shall not wane for us.
In legend and lay
Our heroes in gray
Though dead—shall live over again for us.”

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